

MARVEL
20th Jan 90

THE REAL

№84 45p

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GHSTBUSTERS™

MAN, WE'RE
SERIOUSLY IN
HOT WATER
HERE, RAY!!

ISSN 0954-9404



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03



Grab your crash helmet, jump on the pillion and join us for **Ghost Rider!** It's *wheelie* spooky! Issue eighty-four gets off to a great kick-start with a high-speed, supernatural scramble through the busy streets of New York!

Then you'll be shivering from cold, not fright, when things drop right off the bottom of the fahrenheit scale in **Hell Below Zero!** Major demons from the Supercosmos plot wrack and ruin on our own world, and ice-encrusted torment descends over Central Park!

But where are all the **Real Ghostbusters?** Can they stop this dire plot in time? Will eternal winter blight the face of the Earth forevermore? What's with all these questions? Why don't you turn to the text story instead of pestering me with queries?

Don't forget while you're at it to race on through to the latest part of our **Ghostbusters II** movie adaptation. The Real Ghostbusters – 5,000cc, 0-60 in four seconds and starts first time on chilly mornings.

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



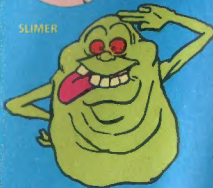
RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE

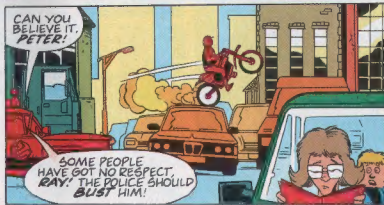
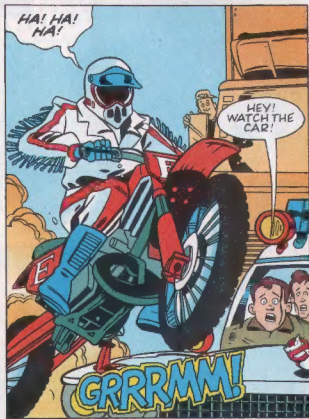
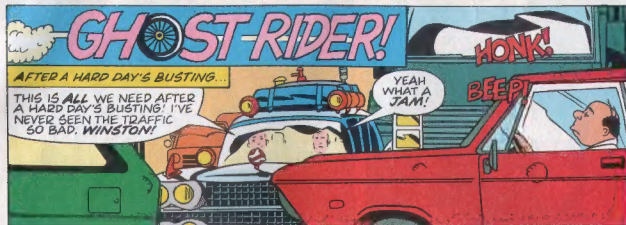


JANINE MELNITZ

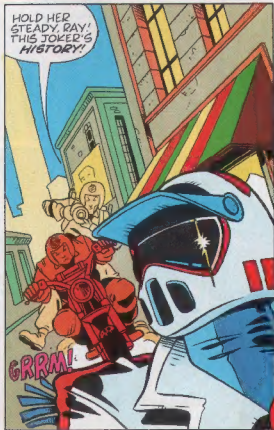


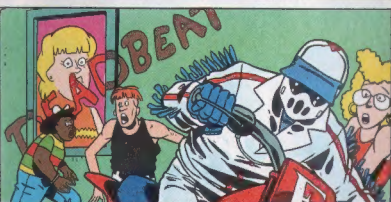
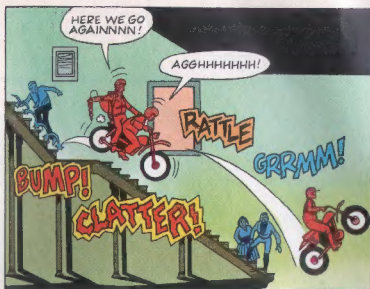
SLIMER

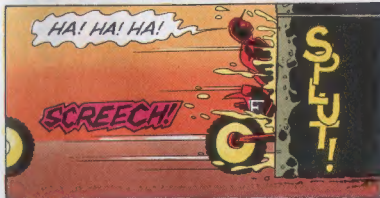
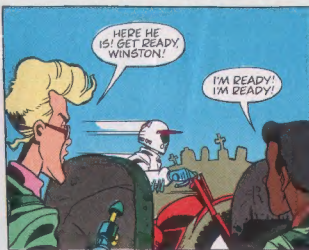
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS WINTER SPECIAL... ...IT'S CHILLING!



ON SALE NOW!

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

RITUALS

Rituals are complex, esoteric and bizarre (and several other words that Peter doesn't understand), and these are the means by which the laws of the Supercosmos may be shaped and controlled – through them, we can summon spirits, travel through the Astral plane, conjure fearful magicks, and every now and then, get a plumber on a bank holiday.

The rituals of Supercosmic magic were set down in far-off, ancient times of old, when knights were days, by our fore-fathers (or, as in some cases, our five-fathers) and have been the subject of fabulously valuable and sought-after spell books ever since. Students of the Paranormal may care to look at three key examples: *The Diamond Circle of Shining Wonders* (written in Upper Higgrath), Halibutt's *Dominion of All Thatte Smelleth of Brimstone* (written in High Chaparral) and *My Own Bumper Book of Incantations* (written in the airing cupboard of a semi in Welwyn Garden City). Students may only care to look; these books are much too dangerous to actually read. The spells contained in them are so powerful as to destroy the mind, cause tidal waves and influence the workings of the Gas Board. Of the three books, none is the most interesting. A more stimulating and



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rewarding read is *Which Ritual?* produced by *The National Society For Tying String Round Our Trouser Legs, Pinning A Carrot To Our Hats And Shouting 'Zonky!'* which lists the World's hundred most popular rituals, helps you to budget for really big rituals, has a section on 'Favourite Rituals of the Famous' and has a comprehensive set of useful safety tips. Vondahuck was, of course, fascinated by rituals all his life, and in later years, set about studying them with the furious aplomb of a young student. After a while, the student asked for his furious aplomb back, and Vondahuck had to make do with an electron microscope. His seminal ideas have formed the basis for all ritual safety procedures ever since, and have thankfully prevented a repetition of the ghastly

GUIDE

'Duck! Oer! Look Out! That Was a Clean Shirt! Heavens! Hippity-Hop Hang Dang Doodey!' Ritual accident of 1775.

Summarised briefly, these are Vondahuck's safety tips:

1) Be careful.

Summarised slightly less briefly, they are more like:

1) Make sure the Matches of Gavrevstone are dry. 'Damp matches surely aye nowt as folks' as the saying goes.

2) Don't use a scouring agent on the Cauldron of Kazakstan, as it takes off the teflon surface. Screamhaggards cling to the pan at the best of times, so don't wear out your non-stick coating.

3) Make sure you have a qorking, colloquial knowledge of the arcane language in question. Tapes such as *Lingua-Higgrath*, *Get by in High Chaparral* and *Hello, Yldamm! Good Day!* should help a lot.

4) Never stand with your back to the sniggerbung.

5) Always check you know what a sniggerbung is before beginning the ritual.


6) Always incant the incantation in a deep, commanding voice. Many's the lost soul who began his chant with "... er ... now ... then ... oh, er, oh great and whinneying ... er ... Necromax, thy ... er ..."

7) Wear loose-fitting thulking straps.

Well, there you have it. My final piece of advice is ... do something else instead.

HELL BELOW ZERO!



Story JOHN FREEMAN  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

It all seemed so easy – find a special stone, do a bit of chanting, invade the Mortal Plane. . . but where are the Ghostbusters?

Let me tell you how it happened. There I was, minding my own business in the demon zones, playing chess with a Dirge. Then Ghanflax the Utterly Baleful pops up out of somewhere else and starts dancing round me. "Fergazar," he says (that's my name). "Fergazar, how'd you like to run the Mortal Dimension?!" It all sounded very easy. It was Ghanflax who had been considering a winter raid on New York. Then Shikam the Crafty spotted a dimensional conjunction that meant we could keep winter going forever, providing certain acts were performed according to a scroll he'd found.

I voted myself invasion leader and stocked up on enough Psycho kinetic Energy to make the jump to the mortal plane! I summoned my minions (all utterly loyal, if a little stupid) and with a click of my fingers, we were there. Sometimes it works, sometimes the conjunctions cause so much trouble. . .

"Ghaaar!" said Ghanflax, rubbing his claws together and twitching his wings. "It's colder than a Yeti's toes here!" I looked around. We'd arrived in a snow-covered New York's Central Park, right by the frozen lake. It was about twelve o'clock at night. Somewhere nearby here was a special point that would enable us to switch winter on forever, just like a mortal's light switch. I sniffed the air. The minions sniffed too. "Be quiet," I hissed, "I'm trying to concentrate!"

"Sorry," mumbled the minions, staring at their horny feet, all fifteen hundred of them. "Go and chase some mortals round the park," I suggested. "I'll call you when I need you."

"You sound like my old agent," muttered a particularly miserable Whyte from the back, shuffling off through the snow.



Now you know it takes some time to detect focal energy points, but this one seemed very easy. Hidden from most mortals sight, right by the lake, was a carved, rounded stone, with strange scribbling on it. I thought these were important at first, but they were human marks like "Charlie loves Di," and "Kylie sings like a banshee", which I thought was a bit unfair to banshees. Anyway, I blasted all this nonsense off with some demon fire, just as I heard one of the minions squeal with delight as it chased two swarthy looking characters around the frozen lake.

They were dressed in tramps clothes and looked almost respectable to me.

The stone began to hum with primeval energy. It was the right time! It was the right stone! Ghanflax couldn't believe we were this close to success. "Time for the 'certain acts', Fergazar," he hissed. I nodded, scratching my horns with my tail. What was the first one, I wondered and reached for the crumpled, yellow scroll that Shikam had found in the Demonic Lending Library.

"This is all in Upper Higgrath," I screamed. "I can't read Upper Higgrath!"

"I can," said Ghanflax, puffing out his blue chest. I passed him the scroll. "Hurry up then," I hissed, "Or we'll miss our chance!"

"Take two humans. . ." Ghanflax began. "Those two the Whyte's nibbling the toes of – they'll do."

The Whyte carried the humans to us. One was rather fat, and the other one dark-skinned, with glazing eyes and a sort of haughty manner about him. The fat one looked a bit tasty, but I resisted the temptation. They were needed. "You won't get away with this," shrieked the fat one.

"We're on to your game," murmured the other, his eyes still blazing. He was very unsettling. I decided he was bluffing and prodded Ghanflax. "Come on, what do we do next?"

"Summon the Cauldron of Kazakstan," Ghanflax continued, very slowly. "I brought it with us," said Shikam. "Saves a bit of time." At least one of us was thinking ahead. The humans started to struggle.

"Light with the Fires of Gavrevstone," Ghanflax said, even more slowly. I wondered what was wrong with him. We lit the cauldron with some Garvenstone Matches (I can get them cheap from my brother, whose a dergar in the trade). "Fill the cauldron with water the place by the Stone of Forendar. Then eat twenty dead fish a pineapple, walk widdershins three time round the cauldron and place the humans in the cauldron!"

"Are you sure about the pineapple?" I asked.

"It's what it says here, in plain blood and spit," Ghanflax replied, hissing.

"Where are we going to find pineapples at this time of year?" I said.

"There's an all night store on Fifth Avenue," suggested the fat human, smiling. The dark one hit him. "Shut up, Ray!" he said.



Well, that should have given the game away, shouldn't it. Not the fact that humans were being helpful. The name. RAY! One of the thrice cursed Real Ghostbusters! It should have clicked! I don't know where my mind was. Instead of thinking, I just thanked the humans by dribbling on them a bit and sent the Whyte to Fifth Avenue. He was back in moments, with the storekeeper too. "We don't need him!" I shouted. "You're just being greedy!"

"You are my agent," replied the Whyte. "I knew it."

"The incantation!" snarled Ghanflax. "Hurry!" I pulled twenty dead fish from my belt (leftovers) and swallowed them in seconds. I crammed the pineapple into my mouth and walked widdershins round the cauldron. "North winds blor-

orw," I mumbled, my mouth full of pineapple. "West winds shatter, let ice and snow reign o'er all matter!"

"What an awful poem," said the one called Ray.

"Yeah," said the other. "Time we put an end to all this, I think!" He clicked his fingers and started to whistle "Tie a Yellow Ribbon."

There was a flash, a burst of brilliance and a shriek of rage from Ghanflax. The cauldron seemed to be sucked into something right underneath it, and so was I!



Well you've guessed it. The Real Ghostbusters had worked out the dimensional conjunctions too and set a trap for any demon stupid enough to try to open the floodgates of winter. Ray and Winston were supposed to be in hiding with Peter and Egon - but Ray had been eating crisps and by minions had found him easily. Egon remembered some previous winter trouble they'd had in the park, found the stone and set up the special, large Ghost Trap. Like I said earlier, these humans are clever.

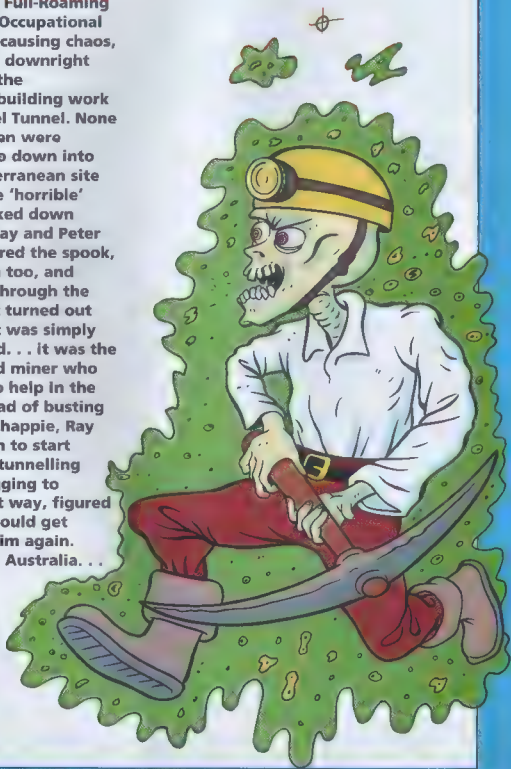



So here I am, stuck in the Ecto-Containment Unit with you lot. What's worse - Ghanflax tells me he read the scroll wrong and we didn't need that wretched pineapple at all! "I only said I read Upper Higgrath, he moaned to me yesterday, just after a game of chess with a Babbler. "I didn't say I read it well. . ."



CHANNEL TUNNELER

This Class five Full-Roaming Metamorphic Occupational Repeater was causing chaos, confusion and downright terror during the underground building work on the Channel Tunnel. None of the workmen were prepared to go down into the dark subterranean site because of the 'horrible' thing that lurked down there. When Ray and Peter first encountered the spook, it scared them too, and chased them through the tunnels. But it turned out that the ghost was simply misunderstood. . . it was the spirit of an old miner who just wanted to help in the digging. Instead of busting the unhappy chappie, Ray persuaded him to start satisfying his tunnelling instinct by digging to Australia. That way, figured Ray, no one would get bothered by him again. Meanwhile, in Australia. . .





DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



et ready to shiver at this, the chilling tale of enthusiastic sportsman Charles Conlan, who was holidaying in a small village in Ireland. One evening, whilst driving back to his Inn in the pony trap he had rented to get around the countryside, he came upon a lone man standing on a bridge over a stream. From the man's shotgun, it appeared to Conlan that the stranger had also been enjoying a fine day's hunting, and he stopped to offer the man a lift. Silently, the stranger climbed up beside Conlan and off they went. During the trip, Conlan made several attempts to engage the stranger in conversation, but without success. The man remained ominously

silent. Conlan wasn't sure of this was mysterious or just plain rude behaviour. Finally, they arrived at the Inn, and to Conlan's surprise, his silent passenger dismounted and strode off into the tavern without so much as a word of thanks. Conlan asked the stable lad who came out to help him with his horse, if he knew the name of the man he had ridden in with. "What man?" replied the lad. Feeling very uncomfortable about the whole affair, Conlan entered the Inn and related the event to the Landlord, describing the stranger and his rude, silent behaviour. As he spoke, he saw his host's face darken with worry and fear. The concerned look never leaving his face, the Landlord led Conlan upstairs to a small room. To his shock and

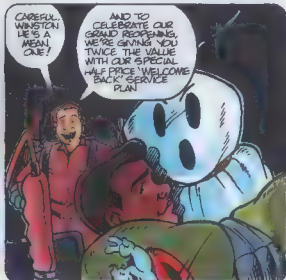
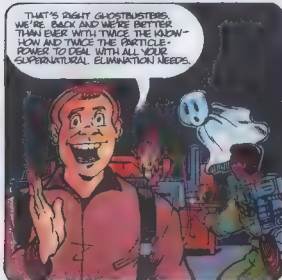
fear, Conlan saw the man to whom he had given the lift lying on the bed, stone dead!

Grimly, the landlord turned to Conlan and told him that the man had been found two days previously, drowned in the stream under the bridge a few miles away. Conlan was horrified. The Landlord then added that, according to local superstition, the ghost of the deceased visited the body once every twenty four hours until it was buried. Conlan had simply provided the spirit with a ride to view the body! The bare-faced cheek of it!

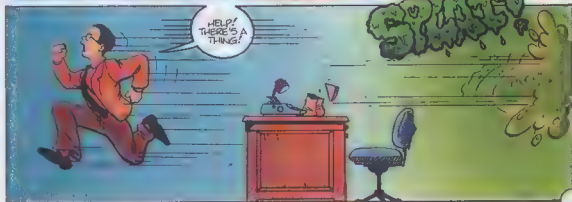
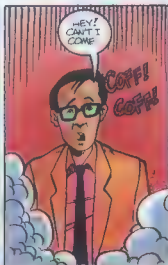


GHOSTBUSTERS II

PART SEVEN

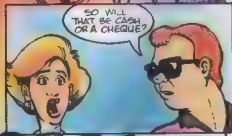
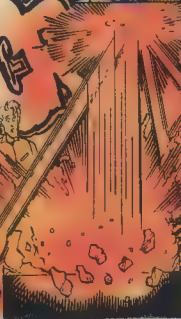
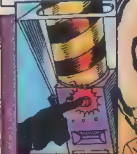
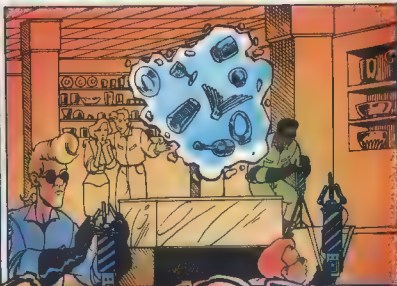
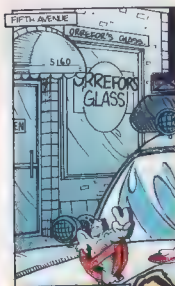


THE FIRESTATION

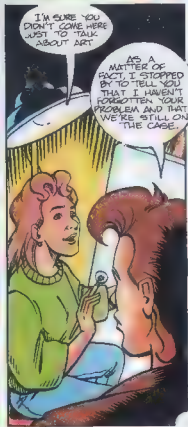
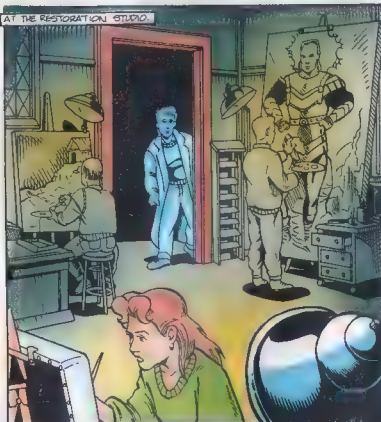


CENTRAL PARK.





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► The Stars



► The Effects

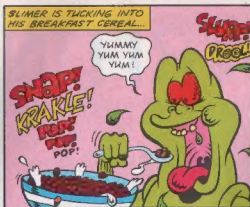
► The Locations

Everything
you wanted
to know but
were AFRAID
to ask!



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THE
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What do you call a flying pig?
Pigasus!
— Craig Teeboon, Bakewell

What do ghosts have for breakfast?
Shredded shriek!
— Timothy Crouch, Lowestoft

What's Michael Jackson's favourite T.V. show?
New Faces!
— Anon, Lancashire

What did the Cinderella fish wear to the ball?
Glass flippers!

What were the picture's last words?
"First they framed me and then they hanged me!"

What is a cat's favourite play?
Romeoww and Juliet!
— Dermot McBride, Letterkenny

GH^oST WRITING!



Hi there, Ghostbuster fans! Another rummage through the paranormal post-bag, so suck in the guts and read on ...

Dear Peter...

I buy The Real Ghostbusters every week and I think you are the best. Please could you answer these questions:

1. Did you know that when I went to London I saw Slimer balloons on sale? I bought one because I thought it was clever – having a Slimer that can't slime you!
2. What would you do if you were trapped in a room with a ghost without a Proton-Pack?
3. Are you doing anything on Thursday night?

– Caroline Spendlove-Mason, Leicestershire.

Well now ... 1. Why didn't I think of that? 2. I've never yet met a ghost with a Proton Pack, so it wouldn't be that unusual ... 3. I am now ...

When I was living at my old house (actually it was a pub) I saw a ghost! It's hard to describe, but it had fiery eyes, two horns, massive fangs and it had big demon wings. The most fearsome thing about it was that it was over nine feet tall! I would have classed it as a Class seven, full-torso activity-based repeater. Boy, did I get a scare! What would you have classed it as?

– Ben Luvvy, Suffolk.

Well, Ben, were the eyes brimstone red? And were the teeth really big, sharp and pointy? They were? Then we'd class that as a definite I'm-not-going-to-even-think-about-it Let's-get-out-of-here ghost!

Slimer does not speak English very well, but when Egon and Slimer swapped brains in a fight with a demon, Egon could talk properly even though he had Slimer's vocal chords. Why was this? If it's all in the mind, then you could teach him basic English words. But not too many as this would change his character. I am, of course, a Slimer fan.

– Neil Dymond.

Egon replies:

"Slimer's problem is not one of the vocal chords or of mental ability. Research has demonstrated that it is a matter of ecto-plasmic distortion that is common in Class fives like Slimer. The Ecto-normal mind just doesn't seem to get on well with the para-phonic larynx. It's just a case of chalk and cheese."

Okay, Egon, whatever you say ... but what has chalk got to do with it?

I have some questions for you: 1. Does Egon read anything apart from *Tobin's Spirit Guide* and *How To Grow Your Own Fungi*?

2. Why has Blimey! It's Slimer! been reduced to half a page?

3. How many pairs of glasses does Janine have?

You are totally and utterly cool and crucial!

– Matthew Edmonds, Tadworth.

I asked Egon about this and he said that he did indeed read other books. At the moment, he's halfway through Vondahuck's Blistering Ballyhoos! That's One Big Ghost And No Mistake and he's looking forward to starting the new autobiography of the Elizabethan Court Jester Watt Dowelrod called Hey, Nonny Nonny! You're In Good Fooling Today, Fellow! As for the reduction of Blimey! It's Slimer! to half a page ... Well, you can't have too much of a good thing, can you now? 3. Janine says that she has three pairs of glasses – a reading pair, a looking-glamorous pair with gilt edges, and a special giving-difficult-customers-a-hard-stare pair!

Since Slimer is a ghost, why don't the Real Ghostbusters zap him?

– Anon.

Good question!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

**SOMETHING IS DISTURBING THE CHICKENS...
AND IT'S NOT HUMAN!**



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ONE OF THE...

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THEY CAME
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